THE

JOVIAL SAILOR'S

Chearful Companion,

For the Year 1800,

CONTAINING

AN ELEGANT SELECTION

OF ALL THE NEWEST

SEA SONGS

LATELY SUNG AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

DRURY-LANE,
COVENT GARDEN,
HAY MARKET,
ROYALTY THEATRE,
VAUXHALL,
&c. &c. &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST

Toaſts and Sentiments.

LONDON:

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ND CROSBY & LETTERMAN, STATIONER'S-COURT.

Price Six-Pence.

W.N.H.
HARDING

NEW SONGS.

KATE OF DOVER.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ſhip,
Was tender hearted, bold and true;
He'd work his way, or drink his ſlip,
With e'er a ſeaman in the crew:
Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had ſail'd the world all over,
Had ſeen his meſſmates oft' laid low,
Yet would he ſigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn, when on the ſhore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave—
Says he, my love, your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive:
Let fortune ſmile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover;
All cares in gen'rous ſlip I'll drown,
And ſtill be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When, lo! a ſail appear'd in view,
And Ned, with many a tar, was ſlain:

Thus death, who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover:
The Tars oft tell the tale of woe,
And heave a ſigh for Kate of Dover.

SONG.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON AT VAUXHALL.

THE dauntleſs ſailor leaves his home,
Each ſofter joy and eaſe;
To diſtant climes he loves to roam,
Nor dreads the boiſterous ſeas,
His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,
Scorns from the foe to run;
In battle terrors melt away,
As ſnow before the ſun.

Though all the nations of the world,
Britannia's flag would lower,
Her banners ſtill ſhall wave unfurl'd,
And dare their haughty power.
But ſee Bellona ſheathes her ſword,
Huſh'd is the angry main;
The cannon's roar no more is heard,
Sweet peace reſumes her reign.

He haſtes unto his native ſhores,
Where dwells ſweet joy and reſt,
His lovely Suſan's ſmiles implores,
To crown, and make him bleſt:
Now all the toils of dangers paſt,
And Suſan's love remains,
The honeſt tar is bleſt at laſt,
Her ſmiles reward his pains.

THE NEGLECTED TARS OF BRITAIN.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

I SING the Britiſh ſeaman's praiſe,
A theme renown'd in ſtory,
It well deſerves more poliſh'd lays,
Oh! 'tis your boaſt and glory:
When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found,
Theſe bulwarks are neglected.

Then oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit:
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.

When thickeſt darkneſs covers all,
Far on the trackleſs ocean;
When lightning darts, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion:
When on the bark the white topp'd waves
With boiſt'rous ſweep are rolling;
Yet cooly ſtill the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidſt the howling.

Then oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in ſulph'rous ſmoke,
He feels a glowing pleaſure;
He loads his gun or cracks his joke,
Elated beyond meaſure:
Tho' fore and aft the blood ſtain'd deck,
Should lifeleſs trunks appear:
Or ſhould the veſſel float a wreck,
The ſailor knows no fear.

Then oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on ſouthern brine,
When ſcorching beams aſſail him;
When all the canvas hangs ſupine,
And food and water fail him:
Then oft he dreams of Britain's ſhore,
Where plenty ſtill is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He ſighs—but ſcorns complaining.
Then oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coaſt,
Where death ſo oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's froſt,
True courage ſtill attends him:
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearleſs braves the ſtorms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then oh! protect, &c.

Why ſhould the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him moving 'long the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected:
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him diſregarded;
Then view the anguiſh in his eye.
And ſay, are tars rewarded?
Then oh! protect, &c.

To them your deareſt rights you owe;
In peace then would you ſtarve them?
What ſay ye, Britain's ſons! Oh! no;
Protect them and preſerve them:
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war ſhall come again,
Oh! Britons, you may rue it.
Then oh! protect, &c.

THE HAPPY SAILOR.

How happy's the ſailor who ploughs the wide main,
All hardſhips to fright him appear but in vain;
At every danger he makes bur a jeſt,
And contentedly ſwings in his hammock to reſt.
At every danger, &c.

He'll face the fierce enemy, Spaniard or French,
As cool and as eaſy as kiſſing a wench;
And when all his money is ſpent on the ſhore,
Contented he'll traverſe the ſea to get more.

Thus bleſt, he ne'er heeds how the world runs away,
With pleaſure he riſes and paſſes each day;
The frowns of the fair ſex can ne'er give him pain,
So an Engliſh ſailor's the happieſt of men.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Lord, what care I for mam or dad?
Why let them ſcold and bellow!
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well-o,
Says he my dear, I'll ſee you home
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright,
Says he, my ſweeteſt Nell-o,
I'll kiſs you here by this good light,
Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath!
Ye bells ring out my knell-o;
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

AIR—MR. KELLY.

SCARCELY had the bluſhing morning,
Woo'd the waves with tender light,
When the bright'ning plain adorning,
A diſtant veſſel roſe in ſight.

Aloft the crouding ſailors viewing,
Her miſty ſails with ſtraining eye,
In fancy now the foe ſubduing,
A prize! a prize! exulting cry.

The boatſwains whiſtle, loud and ſhrill,
Shames the tardy ſleeping wind,
In vain our chaſe-gun fire—for ſtill
She crowds her ſail—we're left behind.

At length the breeze affords aſſiſtance;
Right afore the wind's our courſe,
We clear our deck—ſhe threats reſiſtance,
And proudly boaſts ſuperior force.

Amid her thunder boldly ſteering,
Our batter'd ſhip almoſt a wreck;
With ſteady courage perſevering;
They board, they ſtorm her gory deck.

Her wounded captain—life diſdaining,
Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew,
Caſts a look on thoſe remaining;
Then ſtrikes to ſave the valiant few.

STAND TO YOUR GUNS.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be ſpoke,
Victory ſoon will crown the joke,
Be ſilent and be ready:
Ram home your guns and ſpunge them well,
Let us be ſure the balls will tell;
The cannons roar ſhall ſound their knell;
Be ſteady, boys, be ſteady:
Nor yet, nor yet, nor yet, reſerve your fire;
I do deſire, not yet, nor yet, nor yet: fire.

Now the elements do rattle,
The Gods amaz'd behold the battle:
A broadſide, my boys:
See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd ſide;
Wing'd with fate, the bullets fly,
Conquer boys, or bravely die;
Hurl deſtruction on our foes;
She ſinks, ſhe ſinks, ſhe ſinks, huzza!
To the bottom, down ſhe goes.

SONG.

IN fortune's arms the rich are poor;
Uneaſy, ſtriving ſtill to hitch her,
Give me but health, I aſk no more,
With my ſweet Girl, my friend and pitcher.

A friend ſo rare, a girl ſo fair,
With ſuch what mortal can be richer;
Give me but theſe a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

Let fortune's inſects fly my door,
And in her ſun-ſhine ſportive nitch her:
May thoſe be rich, who think me poor,
With my ſweet girl, a friend and pitcher.
A friend ſo rare, &c.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the Wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honored Scars,
When indifference ſtood at each gate.

The face that would ſmile when my purſe was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aſpect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the ſea.

I thought it unwiſe to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my ſtore.

A handkerchief held all the treaſure I had,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather ſad,
To join with ſome jolly ſhip's crew.

The ſea was leſs troubl'd by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I ſurvey'd
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a ſlippery jade.

And vow'd if once more, I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones ſee,
That the turbulent winds and the billows cou'd ſhew,
More kindneſs than they did to me.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

Oh we ſail'd to Virginia,
And from thence to Fial;
Oh we water'd our ſhipping,
And ſo we weigh'd all:
Being in view of the ſea boys,
Seven ſail we did eſpy:
Oh we hoiſted our top-ſails,
And we ſail'd ſpeedily.

The very firſt we came up withal,
Was a brig, and a ſloop:
Oh we aſk'd if the other five
Where as big as they did look;
But turning to the windward,
As near as we could lay,
We found them to be French men of war,
A cruizing hard by.—

Oh we drew up our ſquadron
In a very nice line,
And we fought them courageouſly,
For near four hours time;
But the day being ſpent,
And the night coming on,
Oh we let them alone
Until the next morn.

Oh the very next morning
The engagement proved hot;
When brave Admiral Benbow,
Received a chain ſhot:
And when he was wounded,
To his merry mates he did ſay,
Take me up in your arms boys,
And carry me away.

The guns they did rattle,
And the bullets did fly;
Whilſt brave admiral Benbow,
For help, aloud did cry:
Carry me down to the cock-pit
There is eaſe for my ſmart:
If my merry men ſhould ſee me,
It would break all their hearts.

Oh the very next morning,
By the break of the day,
Oh we hoiſted our top-ſails,
And ſo we bore away:
We bore down to Port-Royal,
Where the People flocked much,
To ſee brave Admiral Benbow,
Carry'd to Kingſton Town Church.

Came all you brave fellows,
Whereſoever you have been;
Let us drink a good health
To our King and our Queen,
And another good health
To the girls that we know;
And a third in remembrance
Of brave Admiral Benbow.

SONG.

MR. ARROWSMITH.

THE top ſails ſhiver in the wind,
The ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea;
But yet my ſoul, my heart, my mind,
Are Mary, moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy ſailor's bound afar,
Still love ſhall be his leading ſtar.

Shou'd land-men flatter when we're fail'd;
O doubt their artful tales:
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales:
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul,
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.
Sirens in ev'ry Port we meet;
More fell than rocks or waves;
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh Fleet,
Are lovers and not ſlaves,
No foes our courage ſhall ſubdue,
Altho' we leave our hearts with you.
Theſe are our cares, but if you're kind,
We'll ſcorn the daſhing main:
The rocks, the billows, and the wind;
The power of France and Spain:
Now England's Glory reſts with you,
Our ſails are full, ſweet girls adieu.

MR. BANNISTER.

Alas how chang'd the face of things,
Hark, hark, the howling tempeſt ſings;
Ah now! the rebel winds ſhe feels,
Toſs'd on the billows, how ſhe reels.
She's now a wreck—Behold on high,
Exploded thunder rends the ſky;
A dread convulſion moves the ſhore;
And rocks the deep, unmov'd before.

BY MR. ARROWSMITH.

Come jolly boys, that Sailors be,
Who oft have ploug'd the dang'rous ſea:
And when you hear the whiſtling wind,
Still think of her you left behind:

Still let her pleaſing image near,
Preſerve your faithful heart from fear;
And to the breaſt the tablet keep,
Thro' all the dangers of the deep.

Come, come jolly boys, who Sailors be,
Who are ſo happy, and ſo free:
The luckleſs landmen's quiet mind,
By home or wife is oft confin'd;
Whilſt we, tho' dreaded thunders roll,
That know no power to ſhake our ſoul;
O'er diſtant ſcenes in triumph hurl'd
Still feel no limits but the world.

True-Blue, Nancy, Lieut. Dreadnought, Careful, and Gang.

DREADNOUGHT.

Now away my brave boys, hoiſt the flag, beat the drum,
Let the ſtreamers wave over the main,
When Old England calls us, we merrily come,
She ſha'nt call a ſailor in vain.

Already we ſeem an Armada to chace,
Already behold the Galleons;
Undaunted, unconquered, look death in the face,
And return with a load of Doubloons.

Then farewell for a time, lovely ſweethearts dear wives,
Nancy, fear not the fate of True-blue,
Though we leave you and merrily venture our lives,
To our Doxies we'll ever be true.

With ſpirit we go an Armada to chace,
With rapture behold the Golleons;
Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
And return with a load of Doubloons.

SONG IN THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

(SERJEANT) MR. BANNISTER.

O what a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets ſounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle.
Every heart with joy elating.
With what pleaſure are we ſpying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the ſmoaky air.
Heads and limbs and bullets, flying!
Then the groans of ſoldiers dying;
Juſt like ſparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop,
While the muſkets prittle prattle:
Kill'd and wounded,
Lie confounded;
What a charming thing's a battle!
But the pleaſent joke of all,
Is when to cloſe attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, ſtabbing, maiming, cutting,
Horſe and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Then to plunder:
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle!

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

BY MR. GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Suſan came on board,
'O where ſhall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew,'

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The rope ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lighting on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mates ſhrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

'O Suſan! Suſan! lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear!
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubt thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee, ſailors when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

'If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thine eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale;
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beautious object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

'Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return;

Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.'

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word;
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head:
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling row'd to land:
'Adieu!' ſhe cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

Come, buſtle, buſtle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to ſea.
And a ſailing we will go.

Fine Miſs at dancing-ſchool is taught
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.
And a ſailing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horſe, to horſe,
And ſwiftly rides the race,
But ſwifter far we ſhape our courſe,
When we are giving chaſe.
And a ſailing, &c.

When horns and ſhouts the foreſt rend,
His pack the huntſman cheers;
As loud we hollow, when we ſend
A broadſide to monſieurs.
And a ſailing, &c.

The What's-their-names at uproar ſquall,
With muſic fine and ſoft,
But better ſounds our boatſwain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.
And a ſailing. &c.

With gold and ſilver ſtreamers fine
The ladies rigging ſhew,
But Engliſh ſhips more grandeur ſhine,
When prizes home we tow.
And a ſailing, &c.

What's got at ſea we ſpend on ſhore,
With ſweethearts or our Wifes;
And then, my boys, hoiſt ſail for more,
Thus paſs the ſailors lives.
And a ſailing we will go.

SONG.

Had Neptune, when firſt he took charge of the ſea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, if inſtead of the brine
He'd have fill'd the vaſt ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the ſake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempeſt, or danger of ſinking;
The fiſhes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirſty ſun then would drive with more haſte
Secure in the evening of ſuch a repaſt;
And when he'd got tipſy would have taken his nap,
With double the pleaſure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Conſider how glorioufly Phœbus would ſhine;
What vaſt exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted ſupply.

How happy us mortals when bleſs'd with ſuch rain,
To fill all our veſſels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a diſh,
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fiſh.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow,
Hob, as great a prince, dancing after the plow!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but ſip, would eternally ſing,

The ſtars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would friſk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would ſoon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the caſe, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To ſlip, like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

The wand'ring tar, who not for years had preſt
The widow'd partner of his day of reſt,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
He hums the ditty which his Suſan lov'd;
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatſwain whiſtles in a ſofter tone.

The ſoldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's ſmile:
But ere the battle ſhould he hear her cries,
The lover trembles, and the hero dies:
That heart, by War and Honour ſteel'd to fear,
Droops at a ſigh, and ſickens at a tear.

In female breaſts did Senſe and Merit rule,
The lover's mind would aſk no other ſchool;

Sham'd into ſenſe the ſcholars of our eyes,
Our beau from gallantry would ſoon be wiſe;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of Knowledge at the torch of Love.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND ESQ.

'Twas up the wind, three leagues and more,
We 'ſpy'd a lofty ſail;
Set your top-gallant ſails, my boys,
And cloſely hug the gale.
Nine knots the nimble Milford ran;
Thus, thus the maſter cry'd:
Hull up! She rais'd the chace in view,
And ſoon was ſide by ſide.

'Dowſe your Dutch enſign! up St. George!
To quarters now, all hands!'
With lighted match, beſide his gun,
Each Britiſh warrior ſtands.
'Give fire!' our gallant captain cries;
'Tis done—the cannons roar:
'Stand clear, Monſieurs! digeſt theſe pills,
And then we'll ſend you more.

'Your French jack ſhivers in the wind:
Its lilies all look pale:
Down it muſt come—it muſt come down;
For Britons will prevail.'
Rake fore and aft, her ſhatter'd hull
Lets in the briny flood:
Her decks are carnag'd with the ſlain;
Her ſcuppers ſtream with blood.

'Our chain ſhot whiſtles in the wind;
Our grape decends like hail:
Huzza, my ſoul! three cheering ſhouts!
French hearts begin to fail.

And ſee, 'tis done—She ſtrikes; ſhe yields;
Down, haughty flag of France!
Now board her, boys! and on her ſtaff,
The Engliſh croſs advance.

There let i fly, my hearts.
To awe theſe Gallic Slaves;
So freely toſs the can about;
For Britons rule the waves.'

There let it fly, &c.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

When 'tis night, and the mi l-watch is come,
And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd main;
Then ſailors think of their far diſtant home,
And of thoſe friends they ne'er may ſee again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind;
We think, but ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a miſtreſs kind,
Have left on ſhore, ſome pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth liſten to the wind.
And ſighs to think how it may fare with you;
O, when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
Think only ſhould that day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart to hear,
That her own true ſailor he was one.

SONG.

For ever recorded be that glorious day,
When brave and gallant Elliot, with his choſen few
True Britiſh heroes, with Britiſh valour ſteel'd,
A great and mighty hoſt of foes o'erthrew.
He like the impervious rock
Stood firm amid the ſhock;
No fear could ſhake his daring ſoul.
The ſtreams of blood
Pour'd like a flood;
And thunders ſhook from pole to pole.

Hark! how the cannon, with impetuous roar,
Deal dread deſtruction 'mid ſurrounding foes!
Princes and people line the diſtant ſhore;
And weep, in ſilent awe, their country's woes.
Now, hear the whiſtling ſhot:
The balls they fly red-hot;
The hulls are quickly all on fire.
Look every way,
Death and diſmay,
Will ſurely make the foe retire.

The gun-boats all advance, by valiant Curtis led;
Not thunder, ſea, nor fire can daunt Britannia's ſon:
Rous'd from the deep, old Neptune rears his head,
Well pleas'd to ſee the fight ſo nobly won.
E'en now before our ſight,
They ſink in endleſs night;
Behold the wretched fallen crew!
Haſte, haſte, and ſave
From wat'ry grave,
The poor, diſtreſs'd, ſurviving few.

Britannia joyful now appears,
Her godlike chiefs to crown;
Fame ſounds her golden trump on high,
To deeds of high renown.

Whilſt Britain's ſons ſo firm unite,
And heroes ſuch command,
No envious hoſtile foe will dare
Diſturb a happy land.

THOMAS AND SALLY.

BY DR. JOHN HOADLY.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny ſeaman;
With tears ſhe ſent him out to roam:
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home.
She view'd the ſea from off the hill,
And, as ſhe turn'd her ſpinning wheel,
Sung of her bonny ſailor.

The wind grew loud, and ſhe grew paler
To ſee the weathercock turn round,
When, lo! ſhe ſpied her bonny ſailor
Come ſinging o'er the fallow ground.
With nimble haſte he leap'd the ſtile,
Fair Sally met him with a ſmile,
And hugg'd her bonny ſailor.

Faſt round the waiſt he took his Sally,
But firſt around his mouth wip'd he;
Like home-bred ſpark he could not dally,
But preſs'd and kiſs'd her with a glee;
'Through winds and waves and daſhing rain,'
Said he, 'thy Tom's return'd again
To bring a heart for Sally.'

'Welcome!' cry'd ſhe, 'my conſtant Thomas!
Though out of ſight, ne'er out of mind;
Though ſeas our hearts have parted from us,
Yet ſtill my thoughts were left behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor abſence from my heart
Could drive my conſtant Thomas.

'This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
Which ſtill I've kept for her dear ſake,
A thouſand times in amourous folly
Her name has carv'd upon the deck:
Again the happy pledge returns
To ſhew how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.'

This thimble, thou didſt give to Sally,
Whene'er I ſee, I think on you:
Then why ſhould Tom ſtand ſhilly-ſhally,
When yonder ſteeple is in view?
Tom, never to occaſion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

SONG.

THE LENGTH OF THE CHASE.

THE huntſman's abroad, 'ere the lark wakes the morn,
The hare once in view all her windings we trace;
Never tired he follows the ſound of the horn,
The joy of the ſport is the length of the chaſe.

A poor eaſy conqueſt keen ſportſmen ne'er prize,
Tho' often with puſs they can ſcarcely keep pace;
In purſuit lies the bliſs, the game they diſpiſe.
And the joy of the ſport is the length of the chace.

Thus woman are rous'd and keenly purſu'd,
While they fly they are follow'd o'er diſtance and ſpace;
But deſpis'd and neglected if ſoon they're ſubdu'd,
The joy of the ſport is the length of the chace.

SONG.

When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe
Tho' with ardour for conqueſt, our boſoms may glow,
Let us ſee on their veſſels Old England's flag wave,
They ſhall find Britiſh ſailors but conquer to ſave.

And now their pale enſigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each Britiſh tar,
Whilſt the genius of Britain ſtill bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance of France.

But mark our laſt broadſide, ſhe ſinks, down ſhe goes,
Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes,
To ſnatch a brave fellow from a watry grave,
Is worthy a Briton who conquers to ſave.

SONG.

By the ſide of a mountain o'er ſhadowed with trees,
With thick cluſters of vine intermingled and wove,
I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear manſion of eaſe,
The ſeat of contentment, of friendſhip, and love:
Each morn when I open the latch of my door,
My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds ſing,
And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er,
On my pillow I ſtrew the freſh roſes of ſpring.

When I hide in the foreſt from noons ſcorching ray,
While the torrents deep murmurs re-echoing ſound,
When the herds quit their paſture to quaff the clear ſtream,
And the flocks in the vale lie extended around.
I muſe, but my thoughts are contented and free,
I regret not the ſplendor of riches and pride,
The delights of retirement are dearer to me,
Than the proudeſt appendage to greatneſs allied.

I ſing, and my ſong is the carol of joy,
My cheek glows with health like the wild roſe in bloom,
I dance, yet forget not tho' blithſome and gay,
That I meaſure the footſteps that lead to the tomb;
Contented to live. yet not fearful to die,
With a conſcience unſpoted, I paſs thro' life's ſcene,
On the wings of delight ev'ry moment ſhall fly,
And the end of my days be reſin'd and ſerene.

IN THE POSITIVE MAN.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear:
When forc'd from her to go,
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear;
My heart was fraught with woe.
Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood;
The land we left behind:
Her tears then ſwell'd the briny flood;
My ſighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep: and now between
Us lay the ocean wide:
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.
That time I ſailed the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſs'd as were homeward bound—
I thought my heart would break.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd, in vain,
To let me once on ſhore:
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.
'And have they torn my love away?
And is he gone?' ſhe cry'd:
My Polly, ſweeteſt flow'r of May,
She languiſh'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

THE STORM.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt, ye landmen all, to me!
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
Sing the danger of the ſea;
From bounding billows, firſt in motion
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt-troubled ocean.
Where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,
'By topſail ſheets and haulyards ſtand;
Down top-gallants, quick be hauling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet your braces,
The lee top-ſail ſheets let go:
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your topſails nimbly clew.'

Now, all you on down beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyment wanton courting,
Safe from all but Love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempeſt louder,
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder:
Hark! again the boatſwain's call.

The top-ſail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe,
Let the fore-ſheet go, do'nt mind boys,
Tho' the weather ſhould be worſe;
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear;
Hand up, each preventer-brace ſet;
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.'

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peals on peals contending claſh,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightning flaſh:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky;
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

'The foremaſt's gone!' cries ev'ry tongue out,
'O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree's ſprung out;
Call all hands to clear the wreck:
Quick the lan-yards cut to pieces,
Come my hearts be ſtout and bold;
Plum the well, the leak increaſes;
Four feet water's in the hold!'

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating!
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us?
Both chain pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us?
For only that can ſave us now.

'On the lee-beam is the land, boys!
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See, our mizen-maſt is gone!
The leak we've found, it cannot pour faſt;
We've lighten'd her a foot, or more;
Up, and rig a jury-fore maſt;
She rights, ſhe rights, boys; wee'r off ſhore.

'Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune ſav'd our lives;
Come—the can, boys—let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up about ſhip wheel it;
Cloſe to the lips a brimmer join;
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None—our danger's drown'd in wine.'

JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

Come, come, my jolly lads!
The wind's abaft:
Briſk gales our ſails ſhall crowd;
Come, buſtle, buſtle, buſtle, boys,
Haul the boat;
The boatſwain pipes aloud:
The ſhip's unmoor'd;
All hands on board;
The riſing gale
Fills ev'ry ſail;
The ſhip's well mann'd and ſtor'd:

Then ſling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes arife—
The girls we prize
Shall bleſs each jovial ſoul:
The can, boys, bring—
We'll drink and ſing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be ſteady, boys,
Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again:

From ſhore to ſhore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhew
The haughty foe.
Britannia rules the main.
Then ſing the ſlowing bowl, &c.

GROG.

Jolly true blues on the main,
Well ſkill'd in heaving the log,
Attend to a ſailor's rough ſtrain,
Who ſings of your favourite grog.

For grog is the liquor of life,
The delight of each true Britiſh tar;
It baniſhes ſorrow and ſtrife,
And ſoftens the hardſhips of war.

His vineyards the Monſieur may boaſt
And delight in the ſoup of a frog;
But too ſoon he ſhall find to his coſt,
That claret muſt yield to good grog.
For grog, &c.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
My meſſmate he gives me jog:
To the wife or the ſweetheart he loves
He takes off a cann of good grog,

For grog, &c.

If Jove ſhould as whilom deſcend,
Of ſome female mortal a-gog
His nectar he ſurely would mend,
By mixing his liquor with grog.

For grog, &c.

I heard an Hibernian declare
By St. Patrick, tho' born in a bog,
That while he could ſee with an ear,
No wine he would drink except grog.

For grog, &c.

No danger our hearts can diſmay,
No t rror we feel from a flog;
For what is a dozen a-day,
To a double allowance of grog.

For grog, &c.

Now war is declar'd, let's advance;
May the flincher be hang'd like a dog!
Who ſtrikes to Spain, Holland, or France,
Is a ſtranger to freedom and grog.
For grog, &c.

JOLLY JACK OF DOVER.

I'm jolly Jack Main-topmaſt, call'd Jolly Jack of Dover,
Who've lately been employed much in bringing Frenchmen over;
Split my top-ſtays if ever I'd ſuch cargo before, ſir,
And ſink me to the bottom if I'll carry any more, ſir.

CHORUS.

Oh no the devil a bit with Jolly Jack of Dover,
None of your infernal French ſhall evermore come over.

I brought o'er a prieſt, and he was not worth a farthing,
He offer'd for his paſſage of all my ſins a pardon,
I cur'd his lubber lazy limbs, and trundled him a-ſhore, ſir,
Split my timbers if ever I'll be done ſo any more, ſir,

Oh, no, &c.

I brought o'er a lady, a perſon of diſtinguiſh'd note
She offer'd for her paſſage, a corner of her paſſage boat;
But, ſays I, it won't do ma'am, prehaps your boat is leaky,
Or prehaps you're ſome French fire-ſhip ſo ſink me if I ſpeak ye.

Oh, no, &c.

I brought o'er a barber who offer'd me a tweezer caſe,
A pot of paint and curling-tongs to decorate my homely face;
Smach your ſprit-ſail, ſays I then, my face wants no careening,
But you want to go paſſage free, I underſtand your meaning.

Oh, no, &c.

brought o'er a captain who pleaded his great poverty,
Says I, you're a coward, or you would not from your country fly;
And ſo my limbs I'll make you pay as ſure as you're alive now,
Or down you go to Davy Jones, and learn of him to dive now.

Oh, no, &c.

I brought o'er a milliner, ſhe ſaid her name was Nancy,
And ſhe had got ſome fringes which would amuſe my fancy;
But, ſays I, back avaſt there, my dear I'm not ſo eager,
Nor quite ſo tir'd of Engliſh meat to long for your ſoup meagre.

Oh, no, &c.

I brought o'er a ſwindler, a coward renegado,
Who fled becauſe he fear'd to get a German baſtinado;

He thinking for to cheat me, jump'd over board and ſwam
aſhore,
But forgot to take along with him, a box of ſhining
louis d'or.

Ah ah! the devil a bit with Jolly Jack of Dover,
Shall the raſcal ever ſee the gold that he brought over.

So now here's a health to England and her tars, ſir,
May heaven keep us all from civil broils and jars, ſir,
I'll never fall a-ſtern when my country's in diſtreſs, ſir,
Nor land another Frenchman my country to oppreſs, ſir.

Oh, no, &c.

LIFE'S LIKE A SEA.

Life's like a ſea, in conſtant motion,
Sometimes high, ſometimes low,
Where every one muſt brave the ocean,
Whatſoever winds may blow;
If annoyed by ſquall or ſhowers,
Driven by the gentle gales,
Loſe not then the favouring hours,
Whilſt ſucceſs attends the ſails.

If the wayward winds ſhould bluſter,
Never let's give way to fear,
All our patience let us muſter,
And learn from reaſon how to ſteer.
Let judgment keep us ever ſteady,
'Tis a ballaſt ſeldom fails,
And when dangers riſe, be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

Truſt not ſo much your own opinion,
Whilſt the veſſel is under way,
Let good diſcretion bear dominion,
That compaſs never leads aſtray;
When thund'ring tempeſts make you ſhudder,
And Boreas on the ſurface rains,
Let good diſcretion guide the rudder,
When providence attends the ſails.

And when you are ſafe from danger,
Riding in ſome favourite bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
Care awhile in ſlumber lay;
Then when each cann is with liquor ſtowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails,
Let each true heart with rapture flowing,
Drink ſucceſs unto the ſails.

DEAR MARY.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON, AT VAUXHALL.

FAREWELL to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auſpicious that bears me from you?
Tho' oceans divide us as wide as the pole,
No diſtance can change the true love of my ſoul!
As well might my meſſmates determine to bail
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail.
As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of you:
Farewell to Old England—dear Mary, adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! can that love go to wreck?
Where ev'ry plank bears your name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While guileleſs my ſhipmates at chequers have play'd.
Their ſports are no paſtime, but ſorrow to me;
My mind is more happy in ſighing to thee;
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,
For the hope of return takes the ſting from adieu!

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar:
'Tis his compaſs, his helm; 'tis his guide and his ſtar;
'Tis impreſt on his boſom the moment he ſails:
It ſhortens long nights, and it quickens light gales.
The dull midnight watch it ſends limping away,
And draws a new hope on his mind with the day:
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu! into—welcome return.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſent, ſo jolly,
Tho' winds blew great guns, ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing;
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gave greatneſs was great as a king;
One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainſail,
And the ſcud came on louring upon a lee ſhore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand a top-ga'nt ſail,
A ſpray waſh'd him off, and we ne'er ſaw him more.

CHORUS.

We ne'er ſaw him more—But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly,
If we have troubles as ſea, boys, we have pleaſure on ſhore

Whiffling Tom, ſtill of miſchief or fun, in the middle,
Through life, in all weathers, at random he'd jog,
He'd dance, and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig, with an air his allowance of grog;
Long ſide of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him more.

We ne'er, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good-natur'd and free,
If ever one tar was more free than another,
To his friend or his duty, that ſailor was he;
One day with the davit to heave the kedge anchor,
Ben when in the boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He overboard tip'd, when a ſhark and a ſp.nker,
Soon nip'd him in.two, and we ne'er ſaw him more.
We ne'er, &c.

But what of it all, lads, ſhall we be down hearted,
Becauſe that mayhap we may take the laſt ſup,
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in ſafe mooring will bring us all up:
But 'tis always the way on't, one ſcarce finds a brother,
Sound as pitch, honeſt, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle or ſtorm, or ſome bad thing or other,
He's popp'd off the books, and we ne'er ſee him more.
We ne'er, &c.

MY BONNY HIGHLAND LADDIE.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY, AT VAUXHALL.

By moon-light, on the green,
Where lads and laſſes ſtray,
How ſweet the bloſſom bend!
How ſweet the new-made hay!
But not to me ſo ſweet
The bloſſoms on the thorn,
As when my lad I meet,
More freſh then May-day morn.

Give me the lad ſae blithe and gay,
Give me the Tartan plaiddy;
For, ſpite of all the wiſe can ſay,
I'll wed my Highland laddie,
My bonny Highland laddie.

His ſkin is as white as ſnow,
His een are bonny blue,
Like roſe-bud ſweet his mou'
When wet with morning dew.
Young Willy's rich and great,
And fain would ca' me his,
But what is pride or ſtate,
Without love's ſmiling bliſs?

Give me the lad, &c.

When firſt he talk'd of love,
He look'd ſae blithe and gay,
Her ſhame I did approve,
And could na' ſay him nay.
Their to the kirk I'll haſt,
There prove my love and truth,
Reward a love ſae chaſte,
And wed the conſtant youth.

Give me the lad, &c.

POOR TOM.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON, AT VAUXHALL.

HARK! the boatſwain loud pipes the ſignal alarms,
Fair and ſoft blows the breeze to the main,
And tho' my dear Poll, I am torn from your arms,
Do you think you'll ne'er ſee me again:
Ah! no, never harbour a thought ſo unkind,
Never think on the billows that roar,
I know their's a cherub now ſails on the wind,
That will pilot my Tom to the ſhore.

My country awhile claims the duty I owe,
Which with hazard of life I will pay,
O ſtop then, my Poll, thoſe tears that now flow,
For 'tis honour that calls me away;

But ſhould thy poor Tom feel death's fatal dart,
Should he float a cold corpſe on the wave,
O may not the news, when it reaches your heart,
Cauſe a tear to be dropt on his grave.

I would that my love never ſorrow ſhould know,
That one ſigh ſhould eſcape from her breaſt,
Or from her ſweet eyelids one tear ever flow,
That might rob her dear ſoul of it's reſt;
When the tempeſt loud roars, when horrors aſſail,
When our bark is high toſt by the ſea,
Thy Tom ſhall remember amidſt the rude gale,
To beſtow a kind thought upon thee.

Farewell, my dear Poll, till my country recalls,
Once again her bold tars from the main,
Ne'er doubt but the thunder from our wooden walls,
Will ſoon humble the Dons of proud Spain;
Then chear up, my Poll, thy ſorrows pray ceaſe,
For that gentle commander above,
When he pleaſes to ſpread the ſweet enſign of peace,
Will reſtore thy poor Tom to his love.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

BY MR. MOULDS.

When laſt honeſt Jack, of whoſe fate I now ſing,
Weigh'd anchor and caſt out for ſea,
For he ne'er reufs'd for his country and King
To fight, for no lubber was he;
To hand, reef, and ſteer, and bouſe ev'ry thing tight,
Full well did he know ev'ry inch,
Tho' the topliſts of ſailors the tempeſt ſhould ſmite,
Jack never was known for to flinch.

Aloft from the maſt-head one day he eſpy'd
Seven ſail which appear'd to his view,

Clear the decks, ſpunge the guns, was inſtantly cry'd,
And each to his ſtation then flew;
And fought until many a noble was ſlain,
And ſilenc'd was ev'ry gun,
'Twas then that old Engliſh valour was vain,
For by numbers, alas, they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conqueſt diſmay'd,
Could tamely ſubmit to his fate,
When his country he found he no longer could ſerve,
Looking round, he addreſs'd thus each mate,
What's life d'ye ſee, when our liberty's gone,
Much nobler it were for to die,
So now for old Davy, then plung'd in the main,
E'en the cherub above heav'd a ſigh.

WE CONQUER DEAR GIRLS.

MR. CLIFFORD.

COME ſailors be filling the cann,
The wind is beginning to blow,
We've time to drink round to a man,
Then to weigh anchor muſt go.
What thouſands repair to the ſtrand
To give us a cheering adieu!
'Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the main top maſt yard.
The ſailor is ſwung to and fro,
Let the tempeſt blow ever ſo hard,
He whiſtles defiance to woe,
The gale can but laſt for a while,
Is always the boaſt of the crew,
And then they reflect with a ſmile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Tho' battle tremendous appears,
When blood ſtains the face of the main,
Tho' thunder reſounds in his ears,
The ſailor's a ſtranger to pain.
The thoughts with what rapture and pride,
Each girl will her hero review,
'Tis this makes him danger deride,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

AIR.—MR. INCLEDON.

For England when with f.v'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd,
And ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd,
To heave the lead the ſeamen ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"By the deep—nine!

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view;
An abbey's tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or beacon to the veſſel true:
While oft the lead the ſeamen ſlung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"By the mark—ſeven.

And as the much lov'd ſhore we near,
With tranſport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof!
The lead once more the ſeamen ſlung,
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
"Quarter-leſs—five.

THE SEA-WORN TAR.

MR. DARLEY.

THE ſea-worn tar, who in the war,
No danger e'er cou'd move,
True to his gun, all hazards run,
Yet thought upon his love;
But home again forgets his pain,
And ſeeks his faithful laſs;
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

The ſhip ſafe moor'd, with gold well ſtor'd,
All dangers now are o'er,
His timbers tight, his rigging light,
He ſcuds along the ſhore,
To ſeek the place where ev'ry grace
Adorns his charming laſs;
Then in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

In war renown'd with honour crown'd,
He laughs and ſings away:
Of fore and aft, above, abaft,
He talks from night to day
Of red hot balls, and batter'd walls,
To entertain his laſs:
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a ploughman a ſailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the ſky,
E'er flutter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I.

But my friend was a carſindo aboard a king's ſhip,
And he aſk'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip,
And he talk'd of ſuch things,
As if ſailors were kings,
And ſo teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like to be aboard a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to creep out,
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like rocking about;
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle, that many a ſailor laid flat;
Ah, cry'd I, who wou'd roam,
That like me had a home,
I cou'd ſow, I cou'd reap,
E'er I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
Where no longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
E'er I found by a friend who I aſk'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife run away;
Ah, who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame,
Wives loſing their huſbands oft loſe their good name.
Ah! why did I roam,
When ſo happy at home,
I could ſow and could reap,
E'er I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;

When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn.
Curſe light upon the carſindo, and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife's ſafe at home;
Stark ſtaring with joy I leapt out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, all of my kin,
Now, cry'd I, let them roam
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave the plough to go ploughing the deep;
Once more ſhall the horn,
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any d— carſindo or the inconſtant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

SONG.

SUNG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Oh! how ſhall I in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell;
Or form my falt'ring tongue to ſpeak,
That cruel word, Farewell!

Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray;
Go where I will, my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

SONG.

THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

SUNG AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

When the fancy-ſtirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleaſure,
Glowing viſions gild my ſoul,
And life's an endleſs pleaſure.
Mem'ry decks my wakeful heart,
Freſh with gay deſires;
Rays divine my ſenſes dart,
And kindling hope inſpires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can ſave
The heavieſt ſoul from ſinking;
And magic grapes
Give angel ſhapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here ſweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may ſwim, yet true
Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and beauty ſwim there too,
And rock as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's ſoft pillow, tender truth
Her penſive leſſon taught me;
Age ſoon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wiſdom wak'd and caught me.

A bargain then with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleaſing gipſey,
When wife to keep my boſom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipſy.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time aſſuag'd my heated heart,
The grey-beard blind and ſimple,
Forgot to cool one little part
Juſt fluſh'd by Lucy's dimple.
That part's enough of beauty's type
To warm an honeſt fellow,
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
It melts ſtill while I'm mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voy'ge we all declare,
With ſcarce a port to hide in,
It may be ſo to pride or care,
That's not the ſea I ride in:
Here ſtoats my ſoul, till fancy's eye
Her realms of bliſs diſcover,
Bright worlds, that fair in proſpect lie,
To him that's half ſeas over.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

SONG.

MARY'S DREAM.

SUNG AT THE QUEEN'S CONCERT.

The moon had climb'd the higheſt hill,
Which raiſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the Eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree;

When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea:
Then ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say, 'Mary, weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gentle rais'd
Her head, to aſk who there might be,
And ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With pallad cheek and hollow eye:
Oh! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea;
Far, far from thee I ſleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
We toſs'd upon the raging main,
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave—
But all our ſtriving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love of thee:
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'Oh! maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I ſhall part no more.'
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

SONG.

THE JOLLY TRUE HEARTED FELLOW.

With my quid in one hand, and my can in the other,
I drink to each ſailor and friend,
My cares in the fumes of the ſalt ſea I'll ſmother,
For life, we know, ſhortly muſt end.
While my captain thus kindly refills my black jack,
With grog I'll make myſelf mellow,
Then ſteer to my cabin, boys, tack after tack,
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

Like a jolly, &c.

Without this d—d preſſing I'd fight for my nation,
For freedom's the plan I'll maintain,
Reſtraint blunts the edge of valour's impreſſion,
And dampens our fire on the main.
Splice Liberty, Flip, and good Uſage together,
All hell with the Furies might bellow,
We'd make 'em ſheer off, clap their helm hard-a-weather,
From us jolly and true hearty fellows.

From us jolly, &c.

But ſince the wiſe-acres have ta'en other means,
Let 'em ſhape their own courſes for me,
Our ſailors will ſcud, and then for their pains,
Let them preſs the land lubber for ſea.
Let who will take the hint, I'll laugh, drink and ſing,
Toſs my can of good bumbo ſo mellow,
When over the ſhip ſide my carcaſs you ſling,
Say, there goes a hearty good fellow.

What a hearty, &c.

SONG.

THE BRISK GLASS.

Push about the briſk glaſs, all creation declares
That drinking's the method to drive away cares,
This ſyſtem dame nature ſupports with her powers,
And the earth will get tipſey with drinking the ſhow'rs.

Look over the foreſt, there's no one but ſees,
The reeling and nodding like motion of trees,
Now this is their method of ſhewing their mirth,
And they're tipſey, by Jove, with the juice of the earth.

And if you examine attentive your nob,
You'll find that the ſea has been always a ſwab,
For the ponds and the rivers flow into her cup,
And then ſhe gets tipſey with drinking them up.

The ſun too loves drinking, and labours to drain
All the liquor on earth, and even the rain,
And then, what's moſt odd, when his courſe is quite run,
The moon will get tipſey with drinking the ſun.

SONG.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

The wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main,
A competance in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at laſt content and eaſe;
In hopes, when toils and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flattering fancy wafts him home;
In hopes, when toils and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.

SONG.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

When Britain on her ſea-girt ſhore,
Her white-rob'd Druids firſt addreſs'd;
What aid, ſhe cry'd, ſhall I implore,
What bleſt defence by numbers preſs'd?
Hoſtile nations round thee riſe,
The myſtic oracle reply'd,
And view thine Iſle with envious eyes,
Their threats defy, their rage deride:
Nor fear invaſion from your adverſe Gauls,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks deſcending to the main,
With floating forts ſhall ſtem the tides,
Aſſerting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thund'ring navy rides:
Nor leſs to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where commerce opens all her ſtores,

In ſocial bands ſhall lead mankind,
And join the ſea divided ſhores:
Spread then thy ſails where naval glory calls,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy Iſle, what tho' thy vales
No vine impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops ſpontaneous glad the field;
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of induſtry to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful ſoil,
And reaps the harveſt he has ſown:
While other realms tyrannic ſway enthrals,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thus ſpake the bearded Sire of old,
In viſion wrapt, of Britain's fame,
'Ere yet Iberia felt her pow'r,
Or Galia trembled at her name:
'Ere yet Columbus dar'd t'explore
New regions riſing from the main;
From ſea to ſea, from ſhore to ſhore,
Bear then, ye winds, in ſolemn ſtrain,
This ſacred truth an awe-ſtruck world appals,
Britain's beſt bulwarks are her wooden walls,

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

The buſy crew their ſails unbending,
The ſhip in harbour ſafe arriv'd;
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd,

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below:
Long quarter'd ſhoes, check ſhirt, blue jacket,
And trowſers like the driven ſnow.

His honeſt heart with pleaſure glowing,
He flew like light'ning to the ſide;
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he eſpy'd.
A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
From her neat-made hat of ſtraw;
Red was her cheek when firſt ſhe utter'd
It was her ſailor that ſhe ſaw.

And now the gazing crew ſurround her,
While, ſecure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

SONG.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER, IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

When the chill Sirocco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale,
When pies and daws, and rooks, and crows,
Doth ſit and curſe the froſts and ſnows.

Then give me ale,
Old brown,
Strong brown,
Nut brown,
O give me ſtout brown ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,

And valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wit and pen.
Deſpiſes fate—
Old brown, &c.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty ſleeps
Th' o'erwearied bones—
Old brown, &c.

Grand child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but ſtale;
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,
Oh! give me ale,
Old brown, &c.

SONG.

IN SULTRY CLIMES.

In ſultry climes long doom'd to roam,
My Edward dares the raging ſea,
And leaves, with troubled heart, a home,
Solac'd by tenderneſs and me—
Tho' torn by ruthleſs fate away,
Yet ſtill within my throbbing breaſt,
He lives unrivall'd all the day,
Nor quits my pillow when I reſt.

Be thou, fond youth, as conſtant too,
And in a tender boſom wear,
The image that will prove thee true,
And mindful of Olivia's care:

The abſence then we both deplore,
Our preſent ſorrow ſhall requite;
For you can never doubt me more,
Nor I miſtruſt the love you plight.

DUET.

SUNG AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand;
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom near,
Ere Autum yet the fruit damand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love ere I grow old.

SONG.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

BY MR. BURNS.

THERE'S nought but care on every hand,
In ev'ry hour that paſſes, O,
What ſignifies the life of man,
If t'were not for the laſſes, O.

CHORUS.

Green grow the raſhes, O,
Green grow the raſhes, O,
The blytheſt hours I ever ſpent,
Were ſpent among the laſſes, O.

The worldly wife will riches prize,
And riches ſtill may fly them, O,
And if at laſt they graſp them faſt,
Their hearts cannot enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

Give me a happy hour at e'en,
My arms about my deary, O,
And warldly cares and warldly men,
May all gang tapſey tirey, O.

Green grow, &c.

All ye ſo wiſe that ſneer at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes, O,
The wiſeſt man the warld e'er ſaw,
He dearly lov'd the laſſes, O,

Green grow, &c.

Auld nature ſwears the lovely dears,
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes, O,
Her 'prentic'd hand ſhe try'd on man,
And then ſhe made the laſſes, O.

Green grow, &c.

YOU'LL CONQUER YOUR MAN.

WRITTEN BY MR. UPTON.

Dear Ladies, if love is the plan you purſue,
Whether ſingle or married, I'll give you advice,
I'll prove your phyſician, and counſellor too,
And aſk in return, but your ſmiles as my price.

Firſt, you that wou'd join in the conjugal band,
And wiſh to get married as ſoon as you can,
Let love and good temper e'er go hand in hand,
And then never doubt but you'll conquer your man.

Next, you that are married, and wiſh to remain,
E'er pleaſing and lovely wherever you go;
In your minds charming ladies, this maxim retain,
When a huſband ſays Yes, never anſwer him No.
Should he frown, with a ſmile his ill-nature repay,
'Tis a proof of indulgence—but humour the plan;
And if now and then you but give him his way,
Of this never doubt but you'll conquer your man.

Let this be your plan, whether virgins or wives,
And, ladies, believe me, you're ſure to be right;
Good temper's the pill to make happy your lives;
'Tis the balm of affection and ſource of delight;
The term cali'd Obey, which you chance may have heard,
Is compris'd in ſuch limits, you eaſy may ſpan,
Be kind and good temper'd compoſes the word—
Do this, and ne'er doubt but you'll conquer your man.

RODNEY'S DIRGE.

SUNG BY MR. COLLINS.

WHILE gratitude glows in an Engliſhman's heart,
And does there her impreſſions engrave,
He'll beſhrew tyrant death, whoſe inflexible dart
Has depriv'd us of Rodney the brave.

As the lion when rous'd rings the wood with his roar,
And undauntedly ſprings on his prey,
He in thunder array'd ſhook the ſeas and the ſhore,
While the foe ſhrunk with dread and diſmay.

Then the fleets and galleons of the Gaul and the Don,
No retreat from his vengeance could find,
For their hoſts he ſubdu'd the wide ocean upon,
Or diſpers'd like the chaff 'fore the wind.

And while England's flag o'er the deep holds her ſway,
And her enſigns are hail'd on the wave,
Engliſh heroes their courſe while they're ſteering ſhall ſay,
Here the foe ſtruck to Rodney the brave.

Not a gem that each diadem hoſtile could boaſt,
But he pluck'd to adorn England's crown;
And his glories ſhall ne'er in oblivion be loſt,
'Till the laſt evening's ſun ſhall go down.

For the tears of a nation are due to his ſhrine,
And thoſe tears ſhould abundantly flow;
As our foes and our friends ſince the ſun 'gan to ſhine,
Never found ſuch a friend or a foe.

And tho' now no tablet recording his fame,
Nor a trophy hangs over his grave,
Future ages ſhall riſe, while they hallow his name,
A memorial to Rodney the brave.

SONG.

WRITTEN BY MR. O'KEEFFE,

FLOW, thou regal, purple ſtream,
Tinted by the ſolar beam;
In my goblet ſparkling riſe,
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes:
My brain, aſcend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay;
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay,
"A month he reign'd, and that was May!"

THE SOLDIER.

NED oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft endur'd the keeneſt woe,—
Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been wounded by the foe;
His heart was kind—to fear a ſtranger,
The name of Briton was his pride;
He nobly ſcorn'd to ſhrink from danger,
And on the bed of honour dy'd.

For, ſaid Ned, whate'er befals,
A Briton ſcorns to flinch or whine;
He'll chearful go where duty calls,
And brave all ills, but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd ſincere the charming Kitty!
She ſaw with tears her ſoldier go,
And pray'd kind Heav'n to grant her pity,
And ſhield her Edward from the foe.
My love, he cry'd, thy grief give over,
Thoſe tears diſgrace a ſoldier's pride;
But hapleſs Kitty loſt her lover,
Who on the bed of honour dy'd.

For, ſaid Ned, &c.

Tho' war's dread tempeſt flew around him,
Tho' diſmal groans aſſail'd his ear,
Firm in her int'reſt honour found him,
Unus'd to ſhame, untaught by fear.
Such was his valour, ſuch his merit—
His country's welfare was his pride,
He, pierc'd by wounds, maintain'd his ſpirit,
And on the bed of honour dy'd.

For, ſaid Ned, &c.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how ſhe ſmack'd thro' the breeze,
She's a veſſel as tight, to my fancy,
As ever ſail'd thro' the ſalt ſeas.
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native ſhore,
For if ſome hard rock we ſhould ſplit on,
We ſhall never ſee them any more.

But ſailors are born for all weathers,
Great guns, let it blow high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we muſt go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gib'raltar,
I verily thought ſhe'd have ſunk,
The wind ſo began for to alter,
She yaw'd juſt at tho' ſhe was drunk;
The ſtorm tore the mainſail to ſhivers;
Helm a-weather, the hoarſe boatſwain cries,
Brace the ſails a-thwart, ſee how ſhe quivers,
As thro' the rough tempeſt ſhe flies.

But ſailors, &c.

The ſtorm came on ſwifter and faſter,
As black juſt as pitch was the ſky,
When truly a doleful diſaſter
Befel three poor ſailors and I:
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handſail,
By a blaſt that came furious and hard,
Juſt as we were handing the mainſail,
Were every ſoul ſwept from the yard.

But ſailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
As for me, at the riſk of my neck,
While they ſunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and ſo landed on deck.
Well, what then, d'ye ſee we were ſtranded,
And out of a fine joily crew
Of three hundred that ſail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.

But ſailors, &c.

When thus I at ſea had miſcarried,
Another gueſs way ſat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lais that was lovely and kind;
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind ſtation,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But ſailors, &c.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain firſt at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhall flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhall thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
As the loud blaſt, that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root the native oak.

Rule, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine:
And thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.

Rule, &c.

The muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair:
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, &c.

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, a ſheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For death has broach'd him too:
His form was of the manlieſt beauty,
His heart was kind and ſoft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare,
His friends were many and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
Tom's life has vainly doſt,
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL.

Tom Truelove woo'd the ſweeteſt fair,
That e'er to tar was kind;
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind.
His meſſmates heard while with delight
He nam'd her for his bride;
A ſail appear'd—ah! fatal ſight!
For grief his love had dy'd.
Muſt I, cry'd he, thoſe charms reſign,
I lov'd ſo dear, ſo well!
Would they had toll'd inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Break, heart, at once, and there's an end,
Thou all that Heav'n could give;
But hold, I have a noble friend,—
Yet, yet for him I'll live.
Fortune, who all her baleful ſpight,
Not yet on Tom had try'd;
Sent news one rough tempeſtuous night,
That his dear friend had dy'd.
And thou, too! muſt I thee reſign,
Who honour lov'd ſo well!
Would they had toll'd, inſtead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Enough, enough! a ſalt ſea wave,
A healing balm ſhall bring;
A ſailor you, cried one, and brave,
Live ſtill to ſerve your king!
The moment comes: behold the foe,
Thanks, generous friend, he cry'd;
The ſecond broadſide laid him low,
He nam'd his love and dy'd.
The tale in mournful accents ſung,
His friends ſtill ſorrowing tell;
How ſad and ſolemn three times rung
Tom Truelove's knell.

SELECT

Toaſts and Sentiments.

THE Nation, the Law, and the King.
May might never overcome right.
Gratitude to friends and generoſity to enemies.
Hope and happineſs in every ſtate of life.
Succeſs to every juſt purſuit.
Innocence in our deſires, and influence to obtain them.
A ſpeedy check to unbridled ambition.
May true love and honour always go together.
May our principles be ever upright, and our morals pure.
May the judgment of our benches never be biaſſed.
May no ſon of the ocean ever be devoured by his mother.
May the friend of diſtreſs never know want or ſorrow.
May the lovers of liberty never want the comforts of life.
May the intereſts of the King and Kingdom never be thought diſtinct.
May the wealth of rogues devolve upon honeſt men.
May the ſons of freedom be united to the daughters of virtue.
May the worth of the nation be ever ineſtimable.
May the ſighs of ſorrow never be loſt in air.
The freedom of the Preſs.
May true love always gain its object.

The trial by Jury, and may the rights of Jurymen to protect the innocent ever remain inviolate.

Peace and good-will to all mankind.

May the miſeries of war ceaſe to have exiſtence among enlightened nations.

Labour's true reward to every Briton—content and plenty.

Love, liberty, and length of bliſsful days,
To him who ſeeks not, but would merit praiſe.
Love's pureſt bliſs to him who virtue guides,
Its muddy dregs to where foul luſt reſides.

May the Monarch only found his greatneſs on his ſubjects love.

May the ſword of ſorrow never wound the heart of ſenſibility.

May our commodities of all kinds be fairly and honourably entered.

Conſcious innocence, and conſtant independance.

Each lad his laſs, and honour bind them all.

Detection and diſgrace to the lovers of deceit.

May neither precedent nor antiquity be a ſanction to errors pernicious to mankind.

The abolition of domeſtic ſlavery throughout the world.

May the influence of prejudice, in matters of government, and ſuperſtition in matters of religion, be for ever baniſhed from ſociety.

May the civil power never interpoſe between the conſcience of man and his Maker.

May our love of the glaſs never make us forget decency.

To him who remembers a friend in diſtreſs.

May proſperity be the guardian of adverſity.

May we always live with them we love.

W. M. HARDINE